

## Soilwork "Distortion Sleep"

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In my town where the system sleeps  
Nobody gives a damn  
It's up to you how to hide or flee  
Their hunger never ends

Hateful design builds the structure divine  
A territory cold as ice  
An endless empire with cynic desire  
Born of a broken spell

Feelin' like a guttersnipe standing in line  
Deciding his lifestyle by rolling the dice  
One will stand another will fall down  
Find your way out from the constant lack

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You gotta get yourself a picture  
(Gotta get yourself a picture)  
Of what is going on  
(What is going on)  
'Cause their lips are sealed now  
Their honesty never to be found

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Your pride is just a symbol  
Another hidden excuse  
For being such a savior  
Distorting your sick self abuse

Turn over, turn over, turn over  
(Argh!)

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